But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
With ſweeteſt tutches pearce your Miſtres eare,
And draw her home with Muſique. *Play Muſique.*
Ieſſi. I am never merry when I heare ſweet Muſique.
Loren. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hote condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any ayre of muſique touch their eares,
You ſhall perceave them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of Muſique: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh hard and full of rage,
But muſique for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no muſique in himſelfe,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoiles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Tenebris:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted: marke the muſique.

Enter Portia and Nerriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throwes his beames:
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the Moon ſhone we did not ſee the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dimme the leſſe,
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,
Untill a king be by, and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: muſicke harke.
Ner. It is your muſicke Madame of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect,
Me thinks it ſounds much ſweeter then by day.

Ner. Silence beſtowes that vertu
Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſw
When neither is attended: and I t
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhould ſing
When every Gooſe is cackling, wo
No better a Muſician then the Ren
How many things by ſeaſon, ſeaſon
To the right praiſe, and true perfec
Peace, how the Moone ſleeps with
And would not be awak'd.
Loren. That is the voyce,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia.*
Por. He knows me as the blind m
By the bad voyce.
Loren. Deere Lady welcome ho
Por. We have been praying for
Which ſpeed we hope the better fo
Are they return'd?
Loren. Madam, they are not ye
But there is come a Meſſenger befo
To ſignifie their comming.
Por. Go in *Nerriſſa,*
Give order to my ſervants, that the
No note at all of our being abſent h
Nor you *Lorenzo, Ieſſica* nor you.
Loren. Your husband is at hand,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare
Por. This night me thinks is but
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne i

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, G
followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with
If you would walke in abſence of t
Por. Let me give light, but let m
For a light wife doth make a heavi
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
But God ſort all: you are welcome